

## Answers to Health and Beauty Questions

By Pauline Furlong

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Beginning next Monday Miss Furlong will pose for The Evening World the Setting-Up Exercises of the United States Army. This series will be followed by another in which Miss Furlong will demonstrate approved "First Aid" methods. These two series will present means of "preparedness" in which everybody should be interested.

**M**ENTAL workers are perhaps the greatest sufferers from lack of exercise, and I have told my readers that when any one part of the body is exercised to the detriment of the others serious complications are likely to arise. A great amount of blood is sent to the brain of mental workers and this naturally leaves the other organs weak and starving for that part of the blood which belongs to them, besides causing headaches, insomnia and various nervous diseases.

Just a very few minutes spent in physical exercise, for health's sake, each day is the best insurance any person can procure and the rewards for time and effort are so great as to make the trouble seem insignificant.

Indifference in any undertaking cannot help but show indifferent results, and those who are in earnest about keeping well will have to make it a habit, just the same as any other duty or serious problem in life, and this does not necessarily mean extra physical exertion for many hours each day, starvation diet, nor, in fact, anything other than intelligent and hygienic living and care of the body.

**ROUND SHOULDERS AT FORTY YEARS—HAIRY F.** You must certainly can correct round shoulders even at your age. Braces will do no good. Practice the chest raising exercise and those for the chest, upper arms and shoulders to strengthen the muscles in these parts.

**SKATING—BEATRICE N.** Skating will certainly develop the muscles of the legs and strengthen the ankles. It is a very healthy exercise for both thin and fat, especially when done in the open air.

**INSOMNIA—MRS. H. G.** Insomnia does not always result from too much mental work and the reason many persons cannot sleep is because they

are not entitled to it, because they have not made sufficient physical or mental effort to obtain sleep. Since you lead such an inactive life you should do exercises and take a brisk walk and breathe deeply of the fresh air an hour before retiring. This will induce sleep.

**PERSPIRING FEET—MRS. L. S. W.** Yes, turpentine is effective for tired, perspiring feet, but alcohol is just as effective and more pleasant to use. Turpentine is especially recommended for soft corns also. Place a piece of absorbent cotton saturated with turpentine between the toes each night and the corn will soon disappear.

**RIDGES ON NAILS—EMMA R.** Acidity may cause this and also the brittleness. Rub cocoa butter on the nails at night and follow a careful diet to overcome the acid condition.

## Books for Children to Read

**W**HEN selecting books for the young folks take into consideration their age and educational standing if you desire the gift to be appreciated. For the little tots who have not attained the school age there is any quantity of books with attractive illustrations and appealing rhymes and jingles, also instructive cut-out books that will delight them, but use good judgment in selection in order to lay the foundation for a good taste in literature.

For the little six-year-old who proudly acclaims his station in the first grade there are illustrated books with simple words he can read, such as "Mother Hubbard," "Aesop's Fables" and "Cock Robin." For the seven-year-old, who is in the second grade, there are Parry's "Snow Baby" and Paulsen's "In the Child World." The eight-year-old of the third grade can read Grimm's "Fairy Tales," "Little Lucy's Wonderful Globe" or the delightful stories of Marion L. Pratt. For the nine-year-old (fourth grade) there are "Robinson Crusoe," "Arabian Nights," Andersen's "Fairy Tales," "Old Norse Stories," Scott's "Tales of Chivalry" and "The Katy Did" books. A bright boy might be able to read the "Hairy and Ager" books.

The ten-year-old (fifth grade) would enjoy King'sley's "Greek Heroes," "Hawthorne's," "Little Lame Prince," the Oliver Optic books, Amy E. Blanchard's war day stories for girls and Kate D. Wiggins's "Birds' Christmas Carol" and she will want the "Elsie" books.

The eleven-year-old (sixth grade) should read Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," Bryant's "Thanetopolis," Hawthorne's "Wonder Book," "The Brinkers" and the "Scottish Chiefs." At this age a girl can begin "The Little Colonel" series and Louisa Alcott's "Little Women" series. Any of Ruth Ogden's books would prove enjoyable, and for the boys there are the Rollo books by Abbott.

The twelve-year-old (seventh grade) would be pleased with one of Amanda Douglas's "Little Girl" series or one of the "Five Peppers" stories of Margaret Sidney, Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales," Irving's "Sketch Book," Boileau's "Tales of English History," Dickens's "Christmas Carol," Longfellow's "Evangeline" or Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

At thirteen (eighth grade) they will want to read Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon," Hawthorne's "Grandfather's Chair," "The Deserted Village," Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," and the girls will want one or more of the delightful Brenda Books.

At fourteen (ninth grade) there are excellent stories, "Rebecca at Sunnybrook Farm," "The Wide, Wide World," "Jolly Good Times," or any of the books by Carolyn Wells, Anna Chapin Ray or Laura E. Richards. For the boys there are Edward Ellis's excellent stories, "Among the Camps," by Nelson Page, "Tom Brown at Oxford," or "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby." Then there are good stories of adventure by Capt. Ralph Borehill and James Otis.

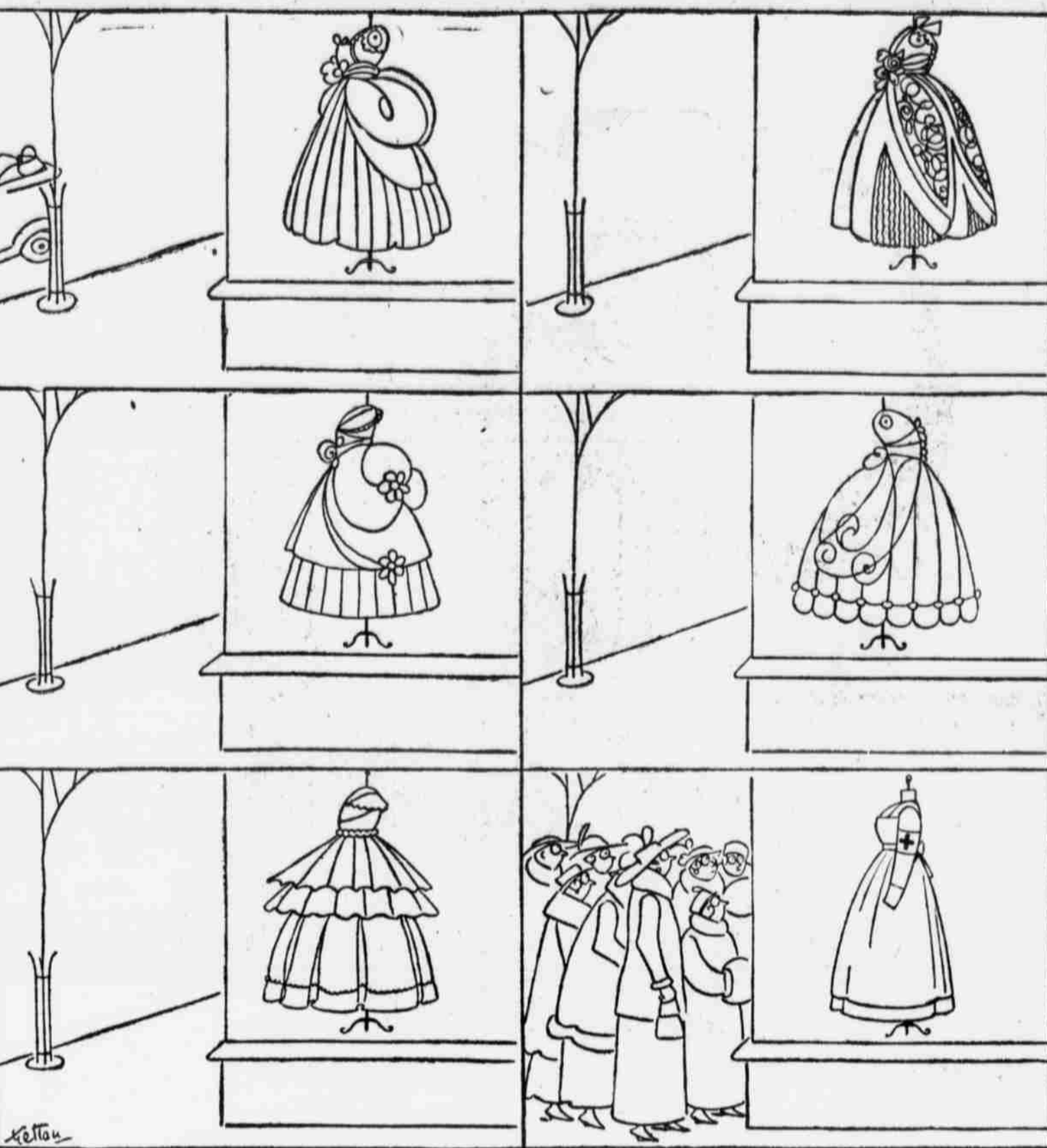
At fifteen (tenth grade) there are Parry's "Snow Baby" and Paulsen's "In the Child World." The eight-year-old of the third grade can read Grimm's "Fairy Tales," "Little Lucy's Wonderful Globe" or the delightful stories of Marion L. Pratt. For the nine-year-old (fourth grade) there are "Robinson Crusoe," "Arabian Nights," Andersen's "Fairy Tales," "Old Norse Stories," Scott's "Tales of Chivalry" and "The Katy Did" books.

A very delicious dish that can be made from a cheap cut of meat and is relished by almost every one is "steak au poivre." Enough for a family of from four to six people can be made from a pound and one-half of the rump of beef cut short and thick. Lard it with five cents' worth of fat salt pork cut into strips. Put an iron pot on the stove, and when it gets hot lay in the meat and let it brown, turning until every part is seared. Add six small onions, two tablespoonsful of canned tomatoes, and if you

## The Winning Gown

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By Maurice Ketten



## THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Revealing the Strange Atonement of a Famous Traitor

By Edward Everett Hale

**BEST NOVELS PUBLISHED ON THIS PAGE COMPLETE EVERY TWO WEEKS. THE PRESENT STORY WILL BE PRINTED IN FULL THIS WEEK.**

**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENT.**  
Philip Nolan, a young officer in the Western Army of the United States, became involved in the scheme of Aaron Burt to carry out an expedition to the North Pole. Nolan's failure in the early years of the last century when called upon to defend himself, or at least to sever allegiance, he chose in a fit of rage to "be a man of the United States" and I wish I never heard of the United States again!

Unmeasurably shocked, his superior officers retired for conference. Finally his Colonel, returns and announces to Nolan that the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again!

**N**OLAN laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added:

"Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The Marshal gave his orders and the

prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieut. Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Col. Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington City, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them—certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the Nautilus got round from New Orleans to the Northern Atlantic Coast with the prisoner on board the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy—it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember—was requested to put Nolan on board a Government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country.

He had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor; and as almost all of this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was entrusted—perhaps it was Tingley or Shaw, though I think it was one of the younger men—we are all old enough now—regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the Intrepid, some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way:

"Washington (with a date which must have been late in 1867).  
"Sir—You will receive from Lieut. Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a Lieutenant in the United States Army.

"This person on his trial by court-martial expressed with an oath the wish that he might never hear of the United States again."

"The court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled."

"For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this department."

"You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape."

"You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government."

"The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner."

"But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it, and you will specially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken."

"It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention."

"Respectfully yours,  
"W. SOUTHARD, for the Secretary of the Navy."

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Capt. Shaw, if it were he, handed it to his successor in the charge, and he to his, and I suppose the commander of the Levant has it to-day as his authority for keeping this man in this mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "the man without a country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war—cut off more than half the talk men liked to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men, unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy though he had favorites; I was one. Then the Captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom—he always had a stateroom—which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special justification, they were permitted to invite "Plain Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good, because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the Brandwine, which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then), some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books if they were not published in America and were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay.

He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message.

I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterward I had enough and more than enough to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the devil would order, was the "Lays of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out the "Tempest" from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours, and, by Jove, should be one day."

No Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now, but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming—

"Beneath the moon with soul so dead,  
"Who never to himself hath said,"

It seems impossible to me that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically—

"This is my own, my native land!"

When they all saw something was to

pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on—

"Whom heart hath never within him burned,  
"As home his footsteps he hath turned  
"From wandering on a foreign strand!—  
"If such there breathe, go mark him well!"

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gazed a little, colored crimson, and staggered on—

"The him so mingled response swell;  
"High through his titles, proud his name,  
"Round his loins the sword, and in his hand,  
"Despite their titles, power, and pelf,  
"The wrath, concentrated all in self!"

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom. "And by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

The story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadochio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again.

He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterward, when I knew him—very seldom spoke unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally—I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been suggested to him by one of Fletcher's sermons—but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

When Capt. Shaw was coming home—if, as I say, it was Shaw—rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands, and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt junk, and meant to have turtle soup before they came home. But after several days the Warren came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and some homeward bound men letters and papers, and told them she was outwarranted, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise.

## The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner

Conducted by Eleanor Schorer

## Outdoorland.

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The Hermit

Thrush.

BOBBY and

Bess, true to

their agree-

ment, set sail for

Sleepyland a d

Professor Bombus

just as dusk fell

that evening. The

Professor was a s

standing on the

edge of his vast

estate busily look-

ing through a

glass that was

twice too big for

him.

"Boo!" said Bess

playfully.

"Boo yourself," answered Bombus

without moving. "I knew you were

coming; heard you fall out of Wak-

ing World into here. Look!" and he

held the glasses to Bessie's eyes.

Just the sweetest song lifted on the

breeze, seemingly from far off. Only

by looking through the glass at the

gentle swelling of the black-speckled

white throat could one know that it

came from no other than the modest

brown bird on the fence a few yards

away.

"My friend John Burroughs said:

'If we take the quality of melody as

the test the wood thrush, the hermit

thrush and the veery thrush stand at

the head of our list of songsters,"

said Bombus. "I agree with him.

Our friend yonder is a hermit thrush."

The children listened and were truly

delighted.

"Every vesper time since the nut-

brown mates have come I have list-

ened for that song. They rarely sing

while migrating either to the Gulf

States in Winter or from them in

Summer. Not until settled in a tidy

nest, close to the ground, are they

content. Then only do they give vent

to the pure, sweet melody you hear.

Neither bird habitually strays from

its own friends. Mr. and Mrs. Thrush

are truly domestic."

While Bombus was giving this in-

teresting information they were walk-

ing toward a thicket, bending low

and going carefully so as not to star-

tle the mother bird. The leaf-lined

abode was much the same color as

the surrounding vegetation and Bob

was almost on top of the nest-home

before they discovered it.

Brave young mother! She never

flinched nor made a sound; merely

pay; but he expected to get through,

I suppose, turned a little pale, but

plunged on—

"Whom heart hath never within him burned,

"As home his footsteps he hath turned

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